



Puck

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HE SHOUTS FOR BRYAN, BUT THIS IS THE WAY HE WILL VOTE.



PUCKOGRAPHS. — LXII.
A NEW YORK MAN WHO WAS A DEMOCRAT
IN HIS LIFETIME.

LACKING.

"Straightout will never make much of a politician."
"No, indeed! He does n't know how to dodge an issue."

HIS SUGGESTION.

"Ah!" said the Chinese statesman, "if we could only compromise this trouble!"
"How?" asked the Western diplomat.
"If the missionaries would peacefully withdraw and transfer their labors to St. Louis!"

HE EXPLAINS.

"You don't mean to say you have n't read the platform?" inquired the friend, in mild surprise.
"Not yet," replied the candidate. "You see, I have to indorse it, and it might be less painful to do that before I read it."

THE CHINESE
Boxers are
acquiring a reputation.

DESTINY AND POLITICS.

We could see Manifest Destiny going down the backstretch at a magnificent pace.
But now some Doctrinaires with Pure Hearts and Tall Foreheads made shift to have numbers of Politic Snaps brought into the Classified Service.

"All is lost!" we cried, and tore our hair; for Manifest Destiny had gone lame at the three-quarter post and was being taken off the track.

THE Boer victories seem to have a little more staying power than the British victories.

JOHN BULL finds there have been a good many changes in the game since the last time he played it.

MR. SHELTON'S decision that the Lord is down on corsets, simply shows that Mr. Sheldon is not up on corsets.

RETROSPECTION.



ONCE on a time" — Ah! golden days!
Our only thought of them is praise;
Pushed back by Time's relentless hand,
They grow more glorious and grand,
Lit by fond Recollection's rays.

With eyes of Memory we gaze
Back to the years of soft'ning haze —
To when the world was better manned —
"Once on a time."

But with regret one comfort stays,
And in the future far the blaze
Of hope still burns. When time has spanned
The gulf, 't will be, where now we stand,
"Once on a time."

Wood Levette Wilson.

SOME CONSOLATION.

"Our country," said the first Chinese statesman, sadly,
"is bound to be broken up."
"Yes," said his friend; "but we won't be the only sufferers.
Somebody else will be fractured trying to grab the pieces."

BRYAN, like Kruger, will be able to boast that he would have won if he had n't been overpowered by numbers.



HOW SHE LOOKED TO HIM.

FIRST ARTIST. — Why do you call that a study in still life?
SECOND ARTIST. — Why, that 's the horse I bet on at the last suburban!



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A RIDICULOUS FAD.

MRS. JACKSON.—Dat hifalutin' Mrs. Washtubb am puttin' on lots ob airs, lately; tryin' to act jes' like white folks!

MRS. JOHNSON.—U'm! Wot am her latest fad?

MRS. JACKSON.—Why, de most redikilous fing yo' evah heerd ob! She am suin' her husband fo' non-support!

A SUMMER RESORT.

THE SUMMER is ruling; by night and by day
The people are leaving for spring or for bay;
But why to the beach and the mountains pay court
When over the way is a Summer resort?

Where the fair is the finest (of course there are tips),
A feast for the eye and a feast for the lips;
And all the attractions are truly the best,
As any who sees them will gladly attest.

'T is rather exclusive, and open to few;
In fact, it is built to accommodate two —
Myself and one other; a man and a maid —
This Summer resort swaying deep in the shade.

Edwin L. Sabin.

STILL WORSE.

"My wife is as changeable as the weather."

"Ho! that's nothing! My wife is as changeable as a five-dollar bill!"

BONNE BOUCHE.

A Youth having Coin entered the Street.

"Lamb, with plenty of mint-sauce!" whispered the Bulls and the Bears, one to another, and laughed suppressedly.

HAD THE RIGHT ONES.

THE SUPERINTENDENT.—What are your qualifications?

THE WOULD-BE MESSENGER BOY.—I keeps abreast uv de times in nickel lit'rature an' owns me own crap-dice.

A PESSIMIST.

DEACON STRAITLACE.—So many laymen are staying away from church and so many ministers are becoming more and more secular!

DEACON BRIMSTONE.—Exactly! I fear we will soon have to take up the problem, "How shall we make the churches attractive to the ministers?"

FORESEEN THE RESULT.

THE WIDOWER.—I wish to speak to the spirit of my dear departed wife.

THE SPIRITUALIST.—What do you wish to know?

THE WIDOWER.—I want to ask her if she has any objections to me getting married again.

THE SPIRITUALIST (hotly).—Then, Sir, you can go somewhere else to do it! I'll have no scrapping in my house!

THE REASON.

KNICKER.—Miss Boston's father keeps a fine St. Bernard.

BOCKER.—To discourage admirers?

KNICKER.—Oh! no; it's trained to trot in and rescue a fellow before he's wholly frozen.



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CONDITIONAL.

HE.—Can't I persuade you that there is no danger?
SHE.—Y-Yes—if you 'll come in on the sand!

IF EVERYBODY minded his own business we would n't hear near so much complaint about people being overworked.

THE POPULAR-SONG TRUST.



ARTICLES OF incorporation of the Popular-Song Trust will be filed in the State of New Jersey within the next two weeks. Proprietors of the leading song foundries, to the number of ten, have decided on this important combination and Mr. James Terwhiliger Brown—who, it is unofficially understood, has been offered the presidency of the new Amalgamated Songs Company—states that shares in the concern will be equally distributed and that none will be offered for public sale. The trust includes the following leading firms:

The Waukegan (Ill.) Sentimental Ballad Company.
The Vaudeville Supply Company of Warsaw, Ind.
The Home-and-Mother Versicle Company of McTague, Wyo.
The Patriotic Concerns of Menominee (Mich.) and East Aurora (N. Y.).
The Children's Prattle Organization of Connecticut.

In addition to these are four small companies doing business in various parts of the country.

"The importance of the song industry," said Mr. Brown, "is not generally understood. By this combination of interests each concern will be compelled to manufacture only the product for which it is best equipped, instead, as has been the custom, of dabbling in all sorts of material. As an instance, I may mention that the Waukegan Sentimental Ballad Company will produce songs of heart interest only, and it is proposed to put on the market at once several carloads of the already popular 'It Don't Mean Much to You, Perhaps, but It's a Lot to Me.' I have a sample of this, from which you may judge for yourself."

From a bundle of fireproof manuscript Mr. Brown took the following:

"Upon a crowded thoroughfare in the city, one Winter's day,
A ragged man approached a gentleman who wore fine furs
And asked him in a husky voice for money to buy a meal,
Since he did not know where he could lay his head.
The gentleman he turned aside—he was a millionaire—
And brusquely said: 'Why don't you go to work?'
'That's a long story,' the other said; 'what I want is a dime.'
And then, in accents sad, he did reply:

" 'It don't mean much to you, perhaps, but it's a lot to me;
I don't know where to turn to get a dime—
Oh! give it up and I'll remember you and have mother dear
Send you a check in future years to come.'

"Now, a few minutes later this same man met a toiler on the street—
Who was not dressed in furs, but overalls—
And made the same request of him. 'Why, sure,' replied the other;
'My heart beats at a fellow-creature in distress;
I have no gold nor vacant lots, like yonder millionaire;
I have no pearls and diamonds rare,
But here is a plum-pudding left over from my lunch to-day.'
The man, with tears in his eyes, then did say:



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THE CHIEF COMPLAINT.

HIS MOTHER.—Of course, boys will be boys—
HIS UNCLE.—True; that is the main trouble with them.

'It don't mean much to you, perhaps, but it's a lot to me;
I need a hunk of pudding pretty bad.
And now I'll hasten home and feed the cows with this here;
God bless you and reward you some fine day!'

"This is expected to have great vogue in the vaudeville houses next season, and already our large force of trained serio-comics is being daily trained for the continuous circuit. It will be given simultaneously in all the important cities of the country, and we hope to point to it as a splendid sample of our finished product.

"The Home-and-Mother Company will continue in the line in which it has been so uniformly successful for many years, although we expect to add to our skilled staff by some expert state-pride finishers and turners. The present force is engaged in smoothing up the to-be enormously popular, 'When I Left the Ranch in Dear Old Wyoming,' of which I can only show you the raw material:

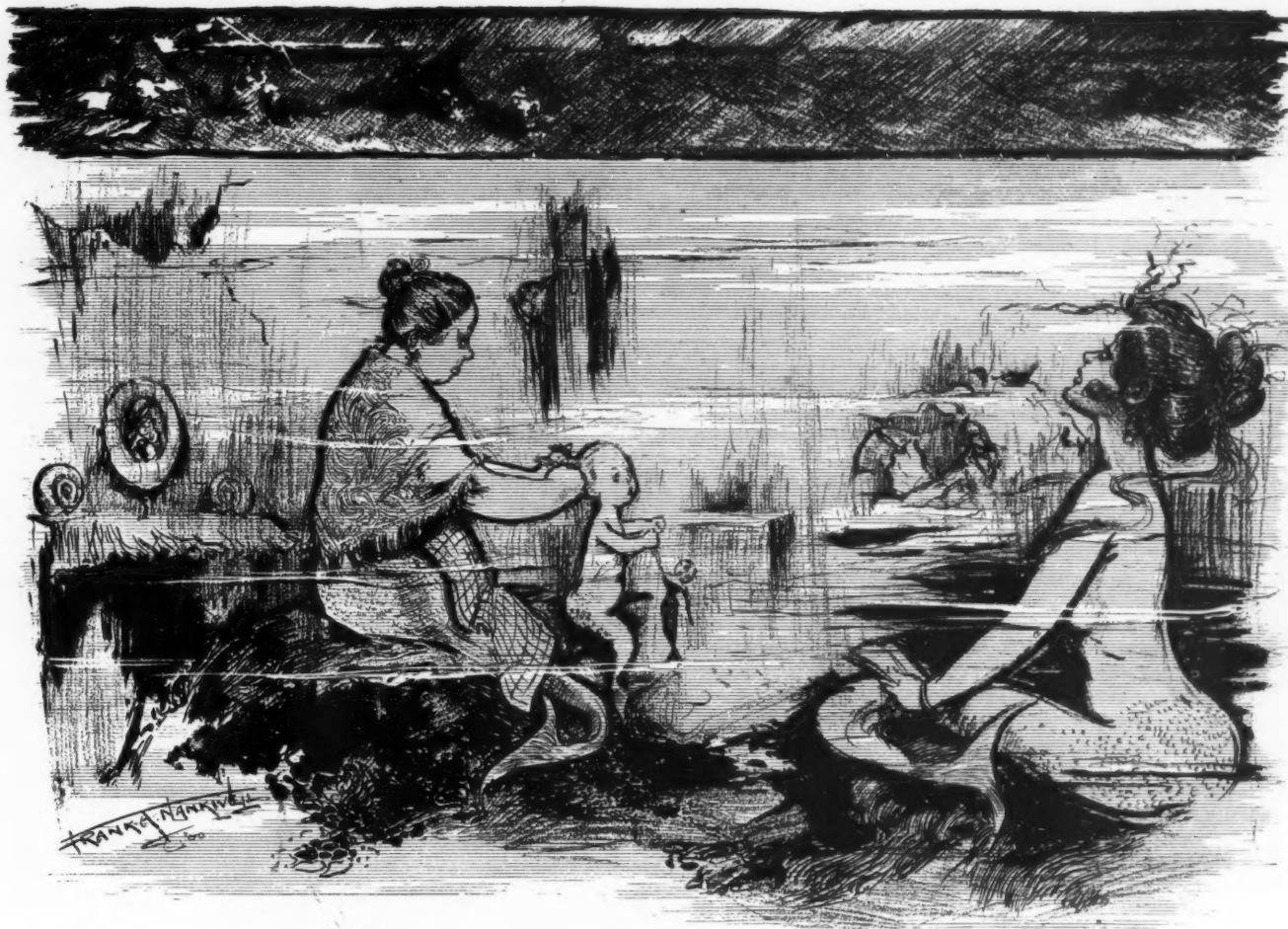
"As I walk about to-night in the city's gaudy light I think of many things that's past and gone;
I remember father dear and the way I used to fear his step as I heard it came along;



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CONSOLATION.

PARSON JONES (*before the service*).—Too bad you got your hay all spoiled by not getting it in before the rain.
DEACON BROWN.—Wal, yas; but it might have been worse! Deacon Greene did n't get his in, nuther!



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UNDER COVER.

MRS. MERMAID. — Goodness Me! What a storm! How thankful we should be that we have a roof over our heads to-night!

'T was on the prairies wide where the buffalo does hide and the pretty prairie dog does graze and sleep,
Where I spent life's golden hours 'mid the bumble-bees and flowers until I was run out for stealing sheep.

"There was cowboys there galore, bronchos to burn — and more;
When I snaked those sheep they did n't do a thing;
Still my memory will flit to the haste I made to git
When I left the ranch in dear old Wyoming."

"If the McTague works will stand the pressure — and it is a splendidly equipped plant — it is proposed to add four verses to the above, detailing the search for the singer, his subsequent capture and his pathetic recital of the refrain, just as he is about to be lynched. We confidently count upon a large sale in the West for this song and are organizing special border drama companies to introduce it.

"The closing of one of our patriotic factories should not be construed to mean that we will entirely shut off the supply of pyrotechnic ballads, although, as I have intimated, it will be rigidly limited. Owing to the strong war feeling, we shall put upon the market thirty million copies of a song entitled, 'Oh! When the Sun Rose in the Morning the Admiral He was There.' I consider the combination of nautical and patriotic to be very happy in this production. It will be sung something after this fashion:

"We sailed one early morning dark into Maniler bay,
Our ships was cleared for action and the cannons quiet lay
Which soon was to deal death unto the haughty Don,
For the honor of a flag the sun will nevermore set on;
There was the Concord with her men so brave and true,
The Boston and the Raleigh and the little Petrel, too;
And then the one whose fame 's now known both near and far,
The one that carried Dewey, the gallant Olympiar.

REFRAIN.

"Then three cheers for the sailors and the men behind the gun,
Three cheers for McKinley and for Bryan another one;
A few cheers more for Sampson and for Schley and Fitzhugh Lee;
Hurrah for Miles and Alger and the ships that plough the sea;
And a hundred cheers for Dewey and pass the loving cup.
Oh! the Admiral he was there when the sun rose up!

"It will be observed that the effort in the foregoing production has been to lay stress upon the names of as many notables as possible, and

singers are expected to make these effective by the aid of colored views thrown on a canvas. In other verses the names of persons necessarily omitted from the first stanza will be found. Absolutely no partiality will be shown.

"A fair idea of what the Trust proposes may be gained from these samples from a few of our foundries and factories. It is too early to speak of what we shall accomplish during the Presidential campaign, and until the Trust is completely organized I would prefer not to commit myself further."

L. H. Bickford.

HIS LAST WORDS.

FATHER. — Have you anything to say before I whip you, Bobby?

BOBBY. — Yes, sir; it 's going to hurt me worse than it does you.

NO EXCUSE.

"I did the best I could for you," said the attorney; "but we lost the case, nevertheless."

"Oh! you need n't make any excuses," replied his client. "Ignorance of the law excuses no one."

THE POOR we have with us always, but the rich seldom call; so we are not so much bored as we might be.

THERE ARE few things more exasperating than trying to quarrel with people who won't pay any attention to you.

ONE OF the disadvantages of being a cynic is that you can't conscientiously believe the things you would like to.



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"And with her empty can
The maiden turned away."
Wordsworth "The Pet Lamb."

A FAIRY TALE.



HERE WAS once a poor widow who had an only son. His name, it is hardly necessary to say, was Jack. Of course, he left home to seek his fortune and met a fairy on the road. The fairy took a fancy to Jack and gave him a diamond ring—paste diamonds, so that nobody would steal it—and told him, when in trouble, to press the ring and she would do the rest.

Jack, in his pursuit of fortune, got in trouble in a poker game in Seattle—ran up against four of a kind and similar difficulties—so he pressed the ring. The fairy appeared, remained invisible to the other players, and told him to play six more pots and get cold feet. The other players strongly objected to cold feet at that stage of the game and it required all the fairy's magic art to get Jack out alive, but she did it, and he left the place with money to burn. He now set out for the Klondike, but, finding the Chilkoot Pass a hard road to travel, he pressed the ring again. The fairy again appeared and presented him with a pair of seven-leagued boots, but informed him that the Klondike was a back number and advised him to try Cape Nome. The upshot of it was that Jack made a fortune and became a New York multi-millionaire. He married the fairy—that is a bold innovation in fairy literature but is expected to meet general approval—and she presides over Jack's establishment, according to the Sunday papers, with grace and tact. Jack spends a great deal of his time getting off that ancient gag that he was happier when he had n't a dollar.

A SUBTLETY.

"Virtue reigns!" cried the optimist.
"As goodness snows!" replied the pessimist, thus subtly avoiding a controversy while conceding nothing substantial.

MANY HONORS.

JIMMY.—I hear yer an uncle, Billy?
BILLY.—I 'm two;—it wuz twins!

A POSER.

"Pa!"
"Yes?"
"Who loses all the fault that everybody finds?"

UNAFFECTED.

"She is n't much affected by her wealth."
"Indeed?"
"She has no ancestry!"
"No?"
"Yes; and ten children!"

MORE EFFECTUAL.

"It's all rot," said the pickpocket, "to say that a thief can't look an honest man in the eye!"
"Well, if he can't," said the footpad, "he can soak him in the eye."

MOB-PROOF.

"Gee Whittaker!" ejaculated the sheriff of a southern county, as he gazed on a full-fledged battleship for the first time; "what a corkin' county jail that would make!"

HIS ARROGANCE.

"I understand that Mr. Grimm has a very tyrannical and overbearing way with his wife."
"Yes; he habitually treats her with as much arrogance as if she was his partner in a game of whist."



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AMBITIOUS.

THE ANGRY FATHER.—How can you, sir, a poor artist, dare to aspire to my daughter's hand?
THE SUITOR.—Well, I am in love with my art and I want to keep at it.



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THE ONLY THING THAT STOPPED HIM.

SIGHTSEER.—Pray tell us, Captain! Did you ever see the sea-serpent?
CAPTAIN.—No, miss, I never staid ashore long enough for that!

CARNEGIE'S IDEA.

Men who are the architects of their own fortune do not suffer from a lack of "sand" in the beginning.

SHE MELTED.

SAM.—Yo' see, Miss Jonsing, she was on her dignity at fust—
PETE.—An' how did yo' break de ice?
SAM.—I done axed her to hab ice-cream.

RIDICULOUS CLAIM.

"The Camel claims to be self-made," said the Hippopotamus to the Giraffe.
"Does he?"
"Yes; says he humped himself."

IN DOUBT.

I asked for one small, precious kiss
Upon my bended knee;
and she,—
"Get up; you're only wasting time!"
What meant she, can you answer me?

A MISTAKE.

"An optimist," said the farmer, impressively, "is a man that examines yer eyes an' gives you the right kind of glasses."
"Don't you mean an optician?" asked his little son.
"So I do. An optimist must be some other kind of a trade."

SOME FOOLS and their money are parted only by death; the money then passing to the other sort of fools.



PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

CROKER IS SANE. FEARSOME SOULS, aware of Mr. Croker's power in this State, may be apprehensive lest he actually exert it in behalf of the Populistic ticket. Let all such be assured that they do Mr. Croker's native intelligence a gross injustice. They should keep two facts concerning this leader well to the front in their communings. First, an unspotted regularity is essential to his political life. Second, he is, by his own terse admission, in politics "for my own pocket, first, last and all the time." With these two facts remembered, no alarm need be felt that Mr. Croker will do anything substantial toward swinging the vote of New York for a free-silver ticket. He will shout enough to preserve the regularity of himself and his machine. But a Tammany shout and a Tammany vote are separate entities. Having passed his tenth year, Mr. Croker will not only refrain from helping a ticket pledged to attack his own pocket, but he may be relied upon to exert his real power for the ticket that stands for his own as well as for the general financial security. Mr. Croker knows too much about what makes prosperity. He may perhaps be found some day up in Central Park throwing gold-pieces to the squirrels, but he will never be found giving any real support to a free-silver candidate.

THE CHINESE KOPJE. THE DISMEMBERMENT, seizure, subjection, pacification or civilization of China, whatever one chooses to call the thing about to be done to that nation, is apparently not going to be so easy as it seemed to be from a distance. Putting aside the danger of jealous clashes among the Christianizing Powers the Chinese themselves are evincing an energetic determination to have nothing at all done to them. At first thought, this is distressing. At second thought, it is cheering. If they must be civilized it should be encouraging to find that they are really worth civilizing; that they have ideals and patriotism and the stamina to fight for them. The net result of their civilization will be of the greater value to the human race. How long they will keep up the fight, with what degree of military genius and with what vigor, can at present be no more than guessed at. The only hope of escape from a desperate and extended war seems to lie in the tendency of the Chinese to fight among themselves. If this spirit be wisely fostered they may possibly go ahead and civilize themselves, leaving the Powers nothing to do but look on, and, later, to polish up the scanty remnants. If civilizing processes were only always as pretty as they are inevitable!

FROM THE TOMB. MR. DAVID B. HILL has learned from official sources that he is still dead. Whether the autopsies he must frequently hold upon himself give him any light on the cause of his taking-off, no one can say. But an ordinary Coroner's jury would not hesitate to bring in this verdict: "Deceased came to his death from not having the courage of his convictions." Four years ago Mr. Hill was not only a live man but a man of considerable importance, notwithstanding a rather unpromising record. Then came the Democratic convention. Mr. Hill denounced its platform as "revolutionary" and sought to prevent the nomination of its candidate. He still lived. He would have continued to live had he at that time possessed the courage to go in either direction definitely. If he had recanted and thrown himself heart and soul into the canvass for Bryan, he would have been "regular," and regularity outclasses Charity in the multitude of sins it covers. Or, if he had possessed the courage to ally himself with the party of honest convictions—the seceding branch of the Democratic party—and to fight manfully and openly the candidate and the platform that he believed to be twin menaces to his country's welfare, he would still have lived. It was a time when a man of Mr. Hill's prominence had to fight under one banner or the other. His choice of either would have shown him to be a man of substance. He had the convictions, but he had not the courage to stand by them, and that makes a fatal complication in political life. He skulked, deserted, and died. A little courage in 1896 and David B. Hill might well have been in 1900 the presidential candidate of

a reunited Democracy. Instead of which he is a pitiful bootlick for whom even Richard Croker feels an honest contempt. The prize he might have won goes to a man who triumphed sheerly by the raw, crude courage of his convictions; who conspicuously lacks, indeed, all other sane qualities. Mr. Hill is the saddest example of a might-have-been that recent history provides. He should be a perpetual warning to all men entering public life to believe *something*, to believe it hard, and to fight for it always.

"THE ACT OF GOD." THE New York agent of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company has disclosed that the recent burning of that Company's piers and steamships at Hoboken was "the act of God." He is unquestionably correct. When the prehistoric man first discovered fire and burned himself trying to pick it up with his hands, that also was the act of God. There have occurred enough similar acts of God since then to acquaint us in a general way with the properties and potencies of this form of energy. If one such act does not suffice, others speedily follow. We should say that this particular act of God was meant to convey the hint that a city having on its water-front miles of wooden piers, baked by the sun, soaked with oil and piled high with such inflammable stuffs as whiskey, benzine and cotton, is not adequately protecting itself from the ravages of fire. It might further be construed to mean specifically that all piers should be of stone; the superstructures of stone or metal, and the installation of some good modern system of fighting fire when it attacks the goods stored therein. With this interpretation we are willing to call the Hoboken disaster the act of God. God is evidently bent on teaching us that fire can not be fooled with.

INGRATITUDE.

This is the Story of a Cable Car Conductor, with a tender Heart: One day, such was the Tenderness of his Heart, he stopped his car, actually, and took on a passenger. As a result, he was three-eighths of a Second late. "Why in ——— don't you make time?" roared the passenger.

This exhibition of Crass Ingratitude embittered the Conductor, and he never took on another passenger in all the subsequent nineteen years of his Service with the Road.

INDISPUTABLE.

"I tell you the *Weekly Banner* is dead-right on the Chinese situation."
"How many men does it say we ought to send?"
"Says we need an adequate force."

NO DOUBT.

"I suppose Russia wants the lion's share of China."
"Yes. I think she 'd like the British lion's share."



SURE THING.

EDITH.—I would be willing to marry the man I loved even if he was n't capable of earning over ten dollars a week.
ETHEL.—So would I! Such men as that almost always come of rich and influential families!

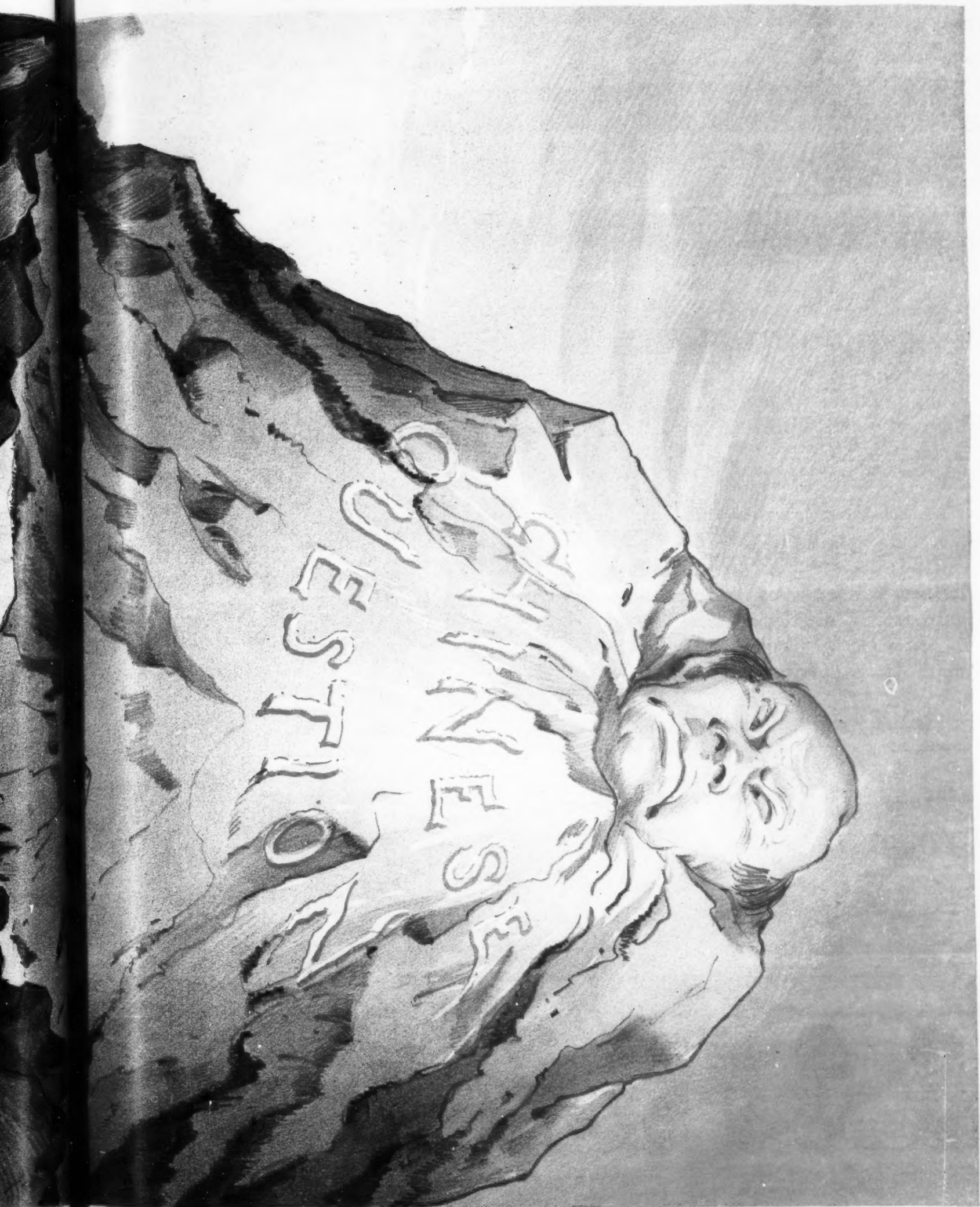


J. OTTMANN UTM, CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

THE CHINESE KOPJE;—NOT SO EASY AS IT LOOKED FROM A DISTANCE.

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PUCK.



MULLIGAN'S HISTORY OF THE ANGLO-BOER WAR.

CHAPTER XXII.—AFTER ROODEVAL.

WAS ABOUT this toime thot the Boxers kem ferred an' challenged the rest av the wor-rld for the champeenship av China, an' in the very fur-rst round they knocked poor ould Oom Paul clane off the cintre av the stage. Sich was the quantity an' quality av the rumors from Shanghai, that Cape Town an' Lorenzo Marques had to admit thot they wor back numbers. The gr-eat Br-ritish public, wit' wan eye on the Boxers an' the other on the Rooshans, cud not convayniently luk at tilygrams from the Transvaal, an' so they wor raylaved from all anxiety about South Afriky by havin' somethin' worse to worry about. Sometoimes Lor-rd Roberts did n't sind anny wor-rd for two or three days at a toime, but London was n't intherested enough to stop in at the War Office to ax if the Boers had isolated him or not. An' whin he did tilygraph despatches thot wud wanst have aroused tumulchus j'y, sich as thot Ian Hamilton had captured a Field-Cornet an' two other min or thot De Wet had been routed by Kitchener so complately thot he tuk no Br-ritish prisoners wit' him in his headlong floight, sich glorious news as this passed wit'out notice.

The faithful war correspondints, av coorse, continued to sind in any rumors they h'ard an' some thot they did n't, but nobody paid anny attintion to thim except some consheentious hithorians loike mesilf. From what Oi can make out the pr-incipial things thot has happened since De Wet was dhruv out av Roodeval is as follows:

Lor-rd Roberts is at Pretoria an' the daymoralized bur-rghers undher Botha is somewhere to the aist. Gin'ral Frinch is makin' gallant dashes ivery Chewdsa' an' Froida' to cut thim off, wit' the raysult to which we have become accustomed. Gin'ral Buller is havin' a walk-over in his throiumpfal mar-rch from Natal to Pretoria. Noine hundred an' sivinty-wan Boers surrindereed their ar-rums an' horses to him yisterda' an' begged, wit' tears in their eyes, to be inlisted in the Br-ritish ar-rmy. A cordon is bein' dhrawn an' whin it is finished it will cut off the Boers in the Transvaal undher Botha from thim in the Free Shtate undher De Wet. 'T is hoped thot whin De Wet makes up his moind to break through, he will do so wit'out takin' the cordon wit' him. De Wet is bein' raypulsed, defayted an' routed ivery day, an' the Br-ritish have to kape up doin' these things to him, for the raison thot wan day whin they forgot to attind to it, he walked off wit' a constrution train an' two hundred engineers. This, however, caused no alar-um in London, an' did not hur-rt the presteege av the Br-ritish ar-rmy, which is now used to little things loike thot.

But, av coorse, the war is pr-ractically over, an' 't is only a quischun av toime whin the Dootch 'll give in. Indade, wan truthful correspondint has cabled thot Kruger is willin' to



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A DOUBLE DISTINCTION.

CASSIDY.—Who are yez going to name him after?

KELLY.—Well, we're going to name him Patrick!

Partly after St. Patrick, who drove all the shnakes from Oireland; and partly after Pat Conolly, who drove all the Republicans out av th' Sixth Ward!

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND;

OR,

HOW MR. LIPSNER'S PILFERING EXPEDITION WAS THE MEANS OF HIS REFORMATION.

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MR. LIPSNER.—Fo' de Lawd! Dis haul was a good 'un. A whole bag o' 'taters from Farmer Hardacre's patch, and he nebber seed me do it.

surrinder but Botha won't let him; not thot Botha wants anny more throuble, for another aiqually truthful man sinds wor-rd thot Botha wants to surrinder but Steyn won't let him; an' me own proivate advoces say thot Steyn is anxious to surrinder, but De Wet won't let him; whoile Oi have n't the laste doubt thot if the whole truth was known, De Wet is jist as anxious to quit as anny av thim, only, befoor he does, he wants to capture Kitchener.

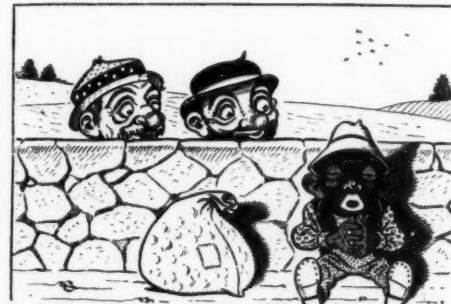
It is also raypor-rted thot the Br-ritish Gover'mint is gettin' ready to sind throops from Afriky to China, an' has pr-proposed to the Powers to have the vit'ran Buller go an' take shupreme command av the international force; but whin the Jarman Gover'mint h'ard av this it said, "Gottterdammerung!" or somethin' loike thot,



II. "Phew! Dere must be 'bout fo' bushels in dis bag. Guess I'd better set down here and rest; I'm all safe now."



III. "Ah! We-e-o-w! Dese wahm days do make one drowsy. Guess dere 'll be no hahm in me takin' a little nap b'fo' I start on."



IV. WANDERER.—Gee! Bill, what's dis? A sleepin' coon wid a bag full o' pertaters. Say! just give me a lift and we 'll quietly yank it over de fence.



V. "But, say, Bill, we better be cautious 'bout dis business. If de coon wakes up an' finds his taters gone he 'll have us pinched before we ken git under cover."



VI. "Say! See dat pile o' cobbles stones? Well, we 'll dump de pertaters out an' fill de bag wid de stones."



VII. "Now, see dis pair o' bloomers wid drawin' strings at der bottoms, what der lady gived me up der road? Well, you just tie dem drawin' strings good and tight. Dat's it!"



VIII.

"Now, fill up dem taters. Quick! I hears de coon wakin' up."



IX.

MR. LIPSNER (*awakening*).—Who! Guess time 's come ter be on de move. Dat 's a queer load dem fellers is carryin'.

WANDERER.—Off to de rendevou, Bill. Roast taters all Summer!



X.

MR. LIPSNER.—Fo' de Lawd's sake! Dat sleep must'r made me weak. Dis load 'pears ten times as heavy now.



XI.

(*Arriving home*).—"Dere ye are, ole woman! Dere 's a hard day's work. Dump dem 'taters out an' cast your eyes over dem."



XII.

MRS. LIPSNER (*as the cobbles roll forth*).—"Yo' poo' brack idjot! Hard day's work, I guess! Yo' 's been hypnertised; dat 's wat!"

MR. LIPSNER (*much agitated*).—"Hooh! Hooh! Help! I 's been hoodooed! I 'll jine chu'ch next Sunday mawnin'!"

an' the Frinch said, "Holy Blue!" an' the Rooshans an' Japanese swore in their own tongues an' said thot whatever disagreements they moight have, they wor av wan moind on the quischun av thrustin' their throops to Buller.

An' thot, as far as Oi know, is the shtate av things at prisint.

A CORRECTION.

"I simply had to do it," said Mr. Erastus Pinkly in an apologetic tone. "I had to draw my razer, so's to hol' up my character."

"Did he slander you behind your back?"

"No, suh. 'Twere to my face. He axed me what business I was in, an' I says, 'raisin' chickens.' Den he looked at me solemn, an' says you doesn' mean 'raisin'.' You means 'liftin'.'" — *Washington Star*.

A FEMININE TRAIT.

MRS. HOON.—They say that Mrs. Swiftsmith is greatly troubled with insomnia.

MR. HOON.—Yes; I understand that she discovered the fact, a week or so ago, that her husband talks in his sleep, and she has n't slept a wink since for fear of missing something. — *Harper's Bazar*.

FULLY INFORMED.

"Remember," said the earnest citizen, "that peace has its victories."

"I guess I know that as well as anybody," remarked the press censor. "I've seen more victories that did n't have fighting attached to them than anybody in the business." — *Washington Star*.

AGAINST NATURE.

MRS. NEWLYWED.—This necklace does n't exactly suit me.

MR. NEWLYWED.—Shall we take it back and get something else?

MRS. NEWLYWED.—Why, John! They're diamonds! — *The Jewelers' Weekly*.

THE CHEERFUL VIEW.

"Are you superstitious about the number 13?"

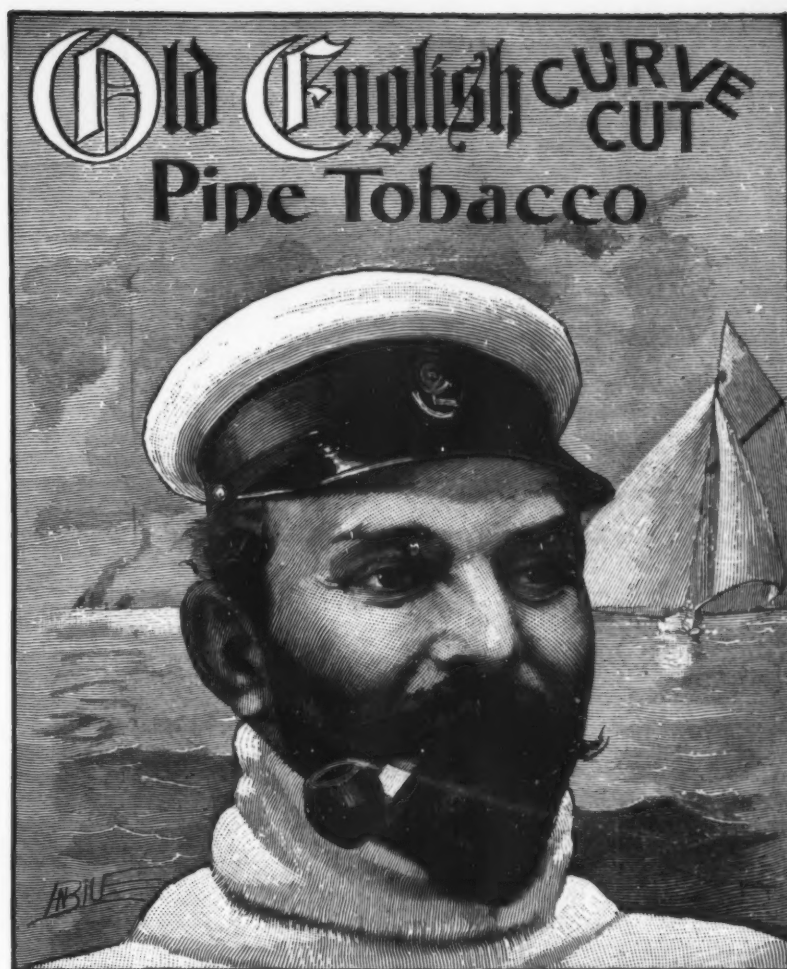
"No, indeed; if a girl refused me thirteen times, I'd know I was in great luck not to marry such an obstinate, hard-headed girl." — *Detroit Free Press*.

MRS. WEST.—My husband is the most careful man with his clothes I ever knew.

MRS. EAST.—Indeed!

MRS. WEST.—Yes; why, you could n't get him to carve a duck without putting on his overalls! — *Yonkers Statesman*.

WHEN a woman makes a hall seat by effectively covering an old trunk with a piece of Turkish drapery, and putting a cushion on it, she is said by other women to be "artistic." — *Atchison Globe*.



YACHTSMEN are enthusiastic about Old English Curve-Cut Pipe Tobacco—because it is always in perfect condition for smoking. The curved tin box, which is practically air tight, prevents the salt air and dampness from spoiling the tobacco.

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It's the kind old-timers used to make. That's why

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It is a wonderful soap that takes hold quick and does no harm.

No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap? Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

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Established 1823.

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That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO., Baltimore Md.

THE WORM TURNED.

Mr. Subbubs had been showing Cadleigh through his new home, and Cadleigh had made sundry sarcastic comments.

"Ah!" said he, finally; "is this your dining-room?"

"No, you chump!" snapped Subbubs. "This is the spare bed-room. We've had it out in the back yard to air it, and have n't had a chance to carry it upstairs again."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

HAD AN ENGAGEMENT.

RAILROAD SUPERINTENDENT (*climbing on to the engine*).—That bridge ahead is very weak, but by putting on all steam I think the train can pass it.

ENGINEER.—All right; but if I were in your place, I'd take a seat in the last car.

SUPERINTENDENT.—I? Oh! I'm going to get off.—*N. Y. Weekly.*



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IN CONFIDENCE.

THE LION.—Hard of hearing, Jocko?

THE MONKEY.—No; but I've just got a jury notice and I'm working up an excuse.

Summer lassitude! Are there any who escape it? Only those who anticipate it by fortifying their system with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters.

Champagne as a restorer has no equal. Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne is pure, delicious and sparkling.

NO INSOMNIA HERE.

MRS. EASTSIDE.—Now that you've got so rich I should think you'd be afraid o' burglars.

MRS. MCSWIMM.—Sure, I'm not afeared at all, at all! I've sixteen alarm clocks set so that one will go off every half hour durin' th' night. Whin a burglar hears one o' them he never shtops to take anything wid him.

MRS. EASTSIDE.—But don't they keep you awake?

MRS. MCSWIMM.—No, indade! It's not us would be waked up by a little thing like that. Before Micky got th' pipe contract I used to be a kitchen ledly, and Micky waz a policemon in Philadelphia.—*New York Weekly.*

"THE best thing I ever heard," said the man with the glasses, "was the entire German Army singing 'Die Wacht am Rhein,' the night after the battle of Sedan."

"And de best thing I ever heard," said the one-lunged gallery man, "wuz a cop tripping over half a brick and den fallin' downstairs into a Chinese laundry when he 'most had me an' I wuz out of breath."—*Star of Hope.*

A WOMAN who cleans house picks out a lot of old things to give away, but when the time comes she dusts them affectionately and puts them back in the closet.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Will You Have a

Club Cocktail

Before Your Dinner?



You can offer this polite attention to the guest who dines with you at your home if you have a bottle of the "Club Cocktails." They are home Cocktails. They are on the sideboards of thousands of homes. Are they on yours? It's the proper thing to have. The age of the "Club Cocktails," the pure liquors used, the perfect blending, make them better than you can mix; better than any cocktail served over any bar in the world. Send home a bottle of Manhattan, Martini, Whiskey, Holland or Tom Gin, Vermouth or York, to-day.

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Reduced Rates to Mt. Gretna via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For the Pennsylvania Chautauqua, to be held at Mt. Gretna, Pa., July 2 to August 8, 1900, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell special excursion tickets to Mt. Gretna from New York, Washington, Baltimore, Frederick, Md., Canandaigua, and intermediate points, including all stations on its line in the State of Pennsylvania.

Tickets will be sold June 25 to August 8, inclusive, and will be good to return until August 13, inclusive.

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Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.

A NEW YORK HAT.

MRS. WAYBACK.—What sort of a hat is that? Seems to me it looks kinder mussed.

MR. WAYBACK.—That's th' latest New York style, Miranda. Bought it in th' city.

MRS. WAYBACK.—What's that deep crease in the top for?

MR. WAYBACK.—I don't know 'xactly, but I think likely that's intended for a sort of a watershed ter catch th' drippings from th' elevated railroads.—*New York Weekly.*

A FAR-SEEING YOUTH.

The father wanted the young man to go into business and the boy wanted to be a lawyer.

"Which would you rather be," argued the father, "a lawyer or a millionaire?"

"I'll be both if you'll give me half a chance," replied the son; and the father hurried him away to a law school.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A CASE OF MANY BREAKS.

"The new girl seems to be eternally sweeping the kitchen."

"Yes. Every time she breaks something she sweeps the pieces up as quickly as possible so I won't notice them."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"TALK ABOUT New York being the leader," said Mr. Wabash, of Chicago; "New York ain't in it! Why, even Paris is copying after Chicago. I hear they're having a World's Fair over there!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

The Largest ENDOWMENT EVER PAID.

Fifteen years ago Mr. George Gooderham, of Toronto, took out 15-Year Endowment Policy No. 289,421 for \$100,000, in the Equitable Society, paying an annual premium of \$8,382. Now his policy has matured and shows the following results:

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"These results realized by the Equitable are larger and more satisfactory than any result ever realized by me on any of my policies which have matured to date."

"I may say that they are quite satisfactory, and that no company has ever done so well for me."

—Strongest in the World—

THE EQUITABLE

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JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Prest.

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If you would like to know what the results of such a policy would have been if issued at your age, cut out and mail coupon below:

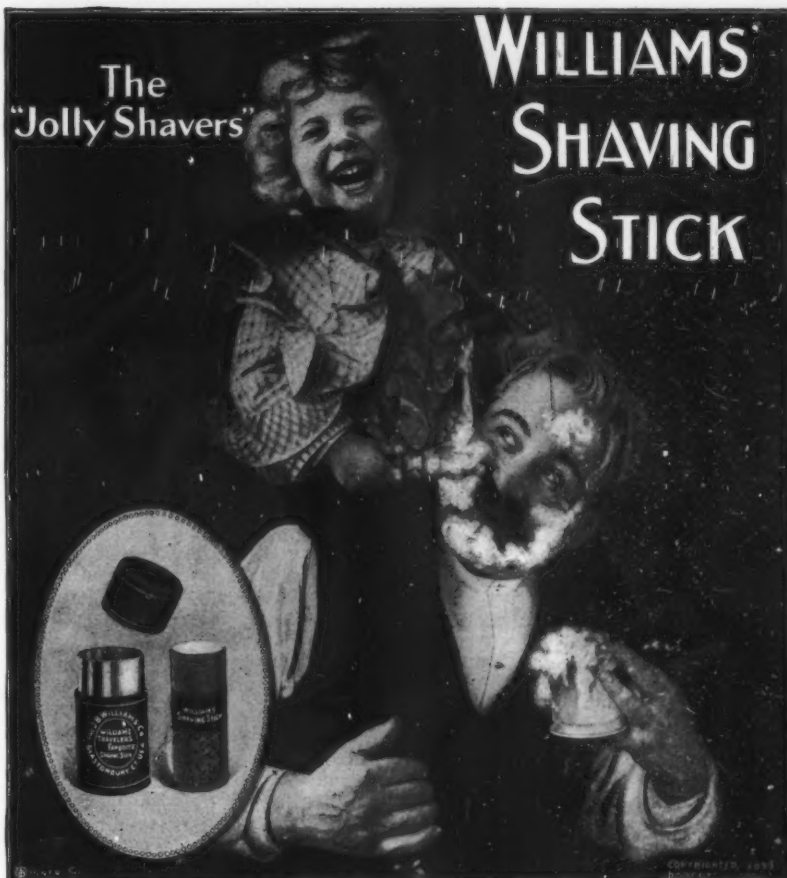


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SHOCKING.

It is a most immoral play;
There is no chance to doubt it—
Almost as shocking, so they say,
As what is said about it.
—*Washington Star.*

HIS FULL VALUE.

HUNGRY HAWKES.—Gee whizz! I wisht I wuz as rich as I look.
HITHERON THITHER.—Aw, g'on! Wat kind of a bluff is dat?
HUNGRY HAWKES.—Dat's straight talk. A feller down de road dere told me I looked like thoity cents. —*Catholic Standard and Times.*

PLENTY OF THEM.

"What's that crowd of men over there?" asked the traveler in London.
"That's the first man to enter Ladysmith," was the reply of the replier. —*Harper's Bazar.*

A WOMAN considers herself literary when she knows another woman who knows a girl in England whose uncle used to entertain famous authors. —*Indianapolis Journal.*

WHEN a coldly good woman is caught reading an immoral novel, she says she reads it for its "literary style." —*Atchison Globe.*

WE all hate self when we see it crop out in somebody else. —*Ram's Horn.*

Headaches and loss of appetite are common complaints in the Spring. Try *Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters* and beware of cheap domestic substitutes.

Extract from

SPEECH OF

HON. WILLIAM E. MASON,
OF ILLINOIS,

IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,
Wednesday, May 2, 1900.

[From the Congressional Record.]

"Let me state again briefly the proposition of the committee on that point. There is a general disposition among a certain class of Americans to buy everything abroad. Nothing is so good as an imported cigar or imported wine. Clothes that are made across the water are a little bit better. Far fetched and dear bought seems to have been the craze with the American people for some time, whereas this investigation at the end of the year shows—speaking now upon the subject of American wines—that there are scores of manufacturers of wine in this country who make, according to the tests made by the Government experts, just as fine champagnes as are made anywhere in the world. Of course there are imitations of them. "Some of our busy, ingenious people in this country take still wines, perhaps fermented, a few days old, inject into it carbonic-acid gas, and call it champagne. That has injured the manufacture of American champagne to a large degree. The proposition that we propose to make is that carbonated champagne is a fraud upon the consumer when it is marked 'champagne.' He believes that he is getting wine fermented in the bottle. The proposition, and that is only one of the scores of things in the bill, is that he shall be made to mark it 'carbonated' upon the outside. If it is just as good as the wine fermented in the bottle, then he can not have any objection to marking it what it is. We stand upon the two rules, as I have said before, and I hope to get it clearly into the record, that these goods must be marked for what they are, and the man who says, 'I make just as good goods as anyone,' if he is honest, will not be either ashamed or afraid to mark his goods on the outside for what they are."

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Write DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. L. L. Lebanon, Ohio.

COUNTERPANES on beds, according to books, are always "snowy." —*Washington Democrat.*

New York Sun says
Editorially, Dec. 12th, 1899:

**** Since undue alcoholic stimulation affects first the judgment, weakening it seriously, it is known to be responsible for a great part of the business failures. The really notable financiers of Wall Street do not belong to the "cocktail brigade," clearness of head and soundness of judgment being too indispensable to them. Only the small fry depend on "whiskey courage." **** Drunkenness has become disreputable, or is pitied as the manifestation of a deplorable disease. In all callings in life, from the highest to the lowest, sobriety is more and more at a premium and intemperance is more and more distrusted. The temperance agitation which has been most effectual, therefore, has been SCIENTIFIC rather than purely moral and religious. For the old-fashioned "temperance pledge" of the days of GOUGH, the specific medical treatment of dipsomania as a disease has been substituted, and men are temperate from intelligent regard for the preservation of their sanity. *** Wall Street is filled with the stock and bonds of vast consolidated industrial enterprises which can only be maintained prosperously by the continuance in their management of a succession of peculiar administrative talents. *** At this time, therefore, men have found out that they cannot drink to excess if they are to hold their own. Science and invention have opened up and are steadily extending fields of labor wherein the keenest intelligence in the mechanic is requisite, so that he cannot afford to fuddle his head with drink; he must be a man who can always be depended on or he will be driven out. Never before was suspicion of intemperance in a worker so fatal to his success as now. Every man who is wise keeps himself constantly in fighting trim for the contest. *** Drunkenness has gone out of vogue both as a fashionable and as a popular amusement. It is a habit in which only those whose health and life are valueless to themselves and to everybody else can afford to indulge.

The Keeley treatment cures this disease by restoring the nerves to a perfectly healthy state. **It cures by removing the cause.** The result is that the patient is left in a normal and healthy condition, and he has neither craving, desire, nor necessity for stimulants.

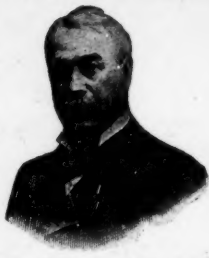
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Portland, Ore.
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Pittsburg, Pa. 4246 5th Ave.
Providence, R. I. 306 Washington St.
Columbia, S. C. 1109 Plain St.
Sioux Falls, S. D.



MORE LIKELY.

MRS. NEWLYWED.—Our new cook says she staid for two months in her last place.
MR. NEWLYWED.—Are you sure she did n't say "sixty days?"

ETHICS.



IT IS customary in treating of any subject to first exhaust the world's learning upon it and then shoot ahead and anticipate the progress of centuries. I shall adopt this method in treating of Ethics.

I ask people to give this essay particular attention, as this is the last time I shall treat of Ethics or use them in any way. Among the treatises on Ethics is "Ethics of the Dust." This book is so well known by name that, however severe may be its code, everyone rather than admit that he had not read it would promptly lie and say he had. This phenomenon is one of the most striking results of writing a monumental work on Ethics or anything else. It simply increases the number of liars. Shakspeare is responsible for infinite liars. So are Homer and Virgil. R. Burns, poet, is responsible for the lies of two or three myriad wooden men who affect to love him, and who call him "Bobby Burns." They are usually the kind of men who would more naturally be chummy with Cotton Mather and think he was all wool.

Ethics is a kind of car on which if a man would be justly a passenger he must pay his honest fare. It is like a car, for many try to ride free. Some put on a bold front and say they have paid. Some brave souls claim to operate and direct the car and to ride free, as if they were nothing less than motor-men and conductors. Children usually pay full fare, and adults pay half-fare, or beat their way; and rulers and priests in their robes are universally admitted to ride tariff-free, as if they were policemen and firemen in uniform.

As is well known, there is a conflict of opinion concerning morality. Some think it is the teaching of an inward monitor, which is represented as perpetually exclaiming, "This is right!" "Oh! that is wrong!" Others think that morality is founded on reason. Not long ago a man would have resided in a jail and taken his only exercise on the rack for holding the latter view, and in the near future a man will probably be put in an asylum for holding the former. In this conflict of opinion I would not have the temerity to offer any opinion, except, perhaps, to suggest that in the final struggle between the inward monitor and the inward merrimac the silent monitor will be pooped, beached, burnt, blown up and silenced for good.

However, during the continuance of the conflict, in which thinking men must necessarily take different sides as they think will best affect their business, we are still free to discuss the acts of men and pronounce what are good and what are bad.

But, first, as in the discussion of morals each disputant assumes a profound virtue for himself, I will state that I believe wrong to be wrong, and right to be

CHEW

Beeman's

The Original

Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.
All Others Are Imitations.



Just a little sunshine, just a little rain,
Just a little banquet, followed by a pain;
Just a Ripans Tabule, taken ne'er in vain,
Route your indigestion, makes you smile again.

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METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

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The Brighton Silk Garter (for men) is perfect in every part, and every part is flat. The slickest, easiest, best stocking supporter at any price is the

BRIGHTON Silk Garter

Made in all the wanted colors, and the newest cross-bar patterns. 25 cts. a pair—at furnishees or by mail. Pioneer Suspender Co., 718 Market St., Philadelphia.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The best stomach regulator. None better in mixed drinks.

as noble as if I had planned it myself. Concerning other people considerable question arises.

Thus, it is wrong to help a thief steal; for instance, to go with him and hold the bag. But how, if you are a nobleman or a conspicuous personage, and become, for a consideration, a director in a worthless company, so that stock may be sold to widows and orphans and they may hold the bag? It is wrong to receive goods that do not belong to you, and yet if you could, by merely wishing, transfer one million of Mr. Rhodes's money to your bank balance of \$17.40, would you not do it without waiting to spend your \$17.40 upon works on casuistry for further guidance?

It is wrong to buy a vote — to put your hand in your pocket and pull out two dollars and buy a vote — that is wrong. Let the terms of the proposition be clear: To (1) put your hand in your pocket and (2) pull out the money and (3) buy a vote, is wrong. But to get an appropriation of \$180,000,000 a year, and thirty-five years after the war to get an additional appropriation for gray-bearded children and minor widows, in order to buy the pension vote, that is not wrong. The distinction is elusive, but well understood by the wise. It seems to be this: that to put your hand in your pocket and buy a vote is wrong, but to put your hand in somebody else's pocket and buy a vote is all right. If you did not understand it, you would think the second corruptionist the more harmful, and a sneak besides.

W. F.

AN AGGRAVATED IMPRESSION.

"Kentucky is one of the liveliest states in the Union," remarked the young man. "It is," answered Colonel Stilwell, "beyond a doubt. When I was last there every man I met was running for office or running for his life."—*Washington Star*.

A MATRIMONIAL TRUST.

"I'm glad to see Roberts, of Utah, was turned down." "What! I'm surprised to hear you talk that way. He's a Democrat." "Yes; but no man should be admitted to Congress who is controlled by a syndicate."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

THE SHREWD ENUMERATOR.

"Well, Madam, if you positively refuse to tell me your age, I suppose I can inquire of the lady next door and let her guess at it." "Young man, you stand right still there where you are. I'll be back in a moment with the family Bible."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

THE DIFFERENCE.

"What is the difference between a proposition and a proposal?" inquired the professor, lecturing on "Words and Their Definitions." "I never had a proposition," replied the pretty girl at the foot of the class. — *Detroit Free Press*.

THERE IS N'T any use in going into the church to work for the Lord, if you let the devil hold your purse.—*Ram's Horn*.

"YES, I ADVERTISED for a clerk," said the lawyer, taking the cigar from his mouth and throwing out his chest; "what qualifications have you?" "I can lie a little, sir," replied the boy, timidly.—*Yonkers Statesman*.



MEN AND WOMEN.

JIMMY. — I jes' had ter blow me bundle ter a pint o' peanuts; — it's peanuts in Winter, ice cream in Summer, chewing-gum in Spring, and lozenges in de Fall — dat's de eternal feminine of it!

JOHNNY. — Yes; and dere's a sucker born every minute! Dat's de eternal masculine of it, ter fit de eternal feminine of it!

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—*Medical Press (London)*, Aug. 1899.

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WILLY.—Yes, Bobby, it is a good idea for us to buy these three plants for Grandmam; she loves flowers so. They are all the same kind of plant, only different sizes.



"But, say, Bobby! let's have a joke on Grandmam before we give them to her. She's in the room, asleep."



"Here, Grandmam, is a plant, Bobby and I bought you. The gardener says you have to watch it, 'cause it grows so fast."

GRANDMAM.—Oh, thank you! You are two good boys. Just place it upon the table where I can see it.



WILLY.—Yes; she 's gone asleep lookin' at it. Now, bring in the next size.



"Don't make no noise. Just take the little one outside while I put this one in its place."



GRANDMAM (*awakening*).— Goodness Me! I have only been asleep ten minutes and just see how that plant has grown. Wonderful! Wonderful!!



WILLY.—Now she 's went to sleep again. Just carry the middle one out while I puts this biggest one in its place.



GRANDMAM (*awakening*).—Land's sakes alive! Just look at that bush in ten minutes more. Help! Help! Mary! Daughter! Come quick!



WILLY'S AND BOBBY'S MOTHER.—What is the matter, Mother?

GRANDMAM.—Matter enough! When Willy and Bobby brought me in that plant it was not more than six inches high and it has grown into that tree in less than twenty minutes.



" ——— 11?? ——— 11! ——— 11111!"